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2.



BLAINE'S VIGOROUS FOREIGN POLICY.

Duet by those brilliant Americans: "For he's a jolly good fellow—For he's a jolly good fellow," etc.



PUCK,
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Wednesday, September 14th, 1887.—No. 549.

CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is the plain duty of every American citizen to read the Constitution of the United States. It is a duty which most American citizens nowadays neglect. You will not find one man out of a hundred taken at random who has any clear idea of the contents of that document. It sounds like a wild statement, yet we may deliberately say that to the mass of American voters the Constitution is as unfamiliar as the Rig-Vedas or the Koran. Certainly only a very few of our foreign-born citizens know anything about it. To them it is a name—a vague abstraction. They hear of laws that are declared unconstitutional by the courts; they hear of rights guaranteed by the Constitution, and they probably take it to be a complicated code comprehensible only to lawyers and experienced legislators.

There is hardly a man who reads these lines who would not be the better for getting a copy of the Constitution and reading it through. It is not a formidable work. It is brief—wonderfully brief when its vast scope is considered. It is written in plain and simple English—not in lawyers' English; but in such language as plain men may understand. It is not a document of detail; it is a statement of principles. It is simple, direct, clear and consistent in all its parts. And yet within its few pages you may find the guiding principle of this country's life. You may find, indeed, the history of this country—the history of the past and the history of the future. For it is on the lines laid down in this wonderful work that the republic has grown; it is on those lines that it must grow in future. When the American people forswear the principles of their Constitution, they must cease to be a nation. On no other basis can this vast expanse of territory retain a national integrity.

This may be called a sweeping assertion. So is any one of the axioms of Euclid—and the parallel is not idly drawn. The *stamen*, the everlasting basic strength of the great compact which makes a nation of a group of free and independent states is its sound and simple morality—the principle that underlies and upbears it; a principle as vital, as indestructible and as clearly susceptible of proof as the fact that a straight line is the line of shortest distance between any two given points. For, when you examine the Constitution as a whole, you see that it is a bargain, an agreement, a pledge mutually made by a number of contracting parties to dwell together in accordance with undisputed laws of natural right and justice. It is not a treaty of temporary expediency. It is not a truce patched up to suit the momentary needs of hostile nations. It is a compact as simple as the compact of matrimony, and in many ways like it.

The likeness is not in the conditions of the agreement entered into; but in the nature of the moral obligation assumed. Matrimony is the legal association of two people who so unite their fortunes, their interests, their affections and their ambitions that they become practically, and in the eye of the law, one person. On this understanding of their mutual agreement all laws and social regulations are based, and by this understanding must be interpreted. If you will read the Constitution, you will see that it is as simple a contract as this that the various states have made with each other. It is not a business partnership, where the parties agree to work together for a common purpose, and where they may make such conditions as please them, no question of equity or abstract right entering into the matter. It is an absolute union, where the first consideration is the general weal—where the state must sacrifice itself, if need be, to the United States. This is what was intended by the Constitution, and the last shadow of doubt as to its intent was dissipated twenty-five years ago.

It is this which insures the permanency of the Constitution. Bargains of business are for the moment; partnerships of all sorts come to an end

in the natural course of things. They are but the arrangements of expediency. But the covenant that is founded on a higher principle endures. It is the strength of this nation that in all its internal disagreements the final and decisive appeal must be not to puzzling and imperfect acts of legislation; but to moral laws that may be understood by any honest man. Of these laws and of their bearing on the principles of the equitable and harmonious association of states, the Constitution is the plain expression. Its every clause is, in effect, the enunciation of a moral truth and its practical application.

Some who read this may doubt that it is in any way needful to say this much to American citizens. We wish that we could agree with these people. For ourselves, we are firmly convinced—to our sorrow—that there is even more need of it than we can see with our own eyes, which is need enough. There are many thousands of people in this country to-day who will read what any charlatan will give them; who will study any silly scheme for the sudden ending of all human miseries, and yet who never think of reading the law of the land in which they live. To such men these words may bring some hint of a neglected duty. It will do them no hurt, at least to read a work that may save them much useless reading. For they certainly will not care to waste time on men who talk of confiscating an American citizen's land without compensation to the owner, when they learn that there is in this country a tribunal that, on the authority of this plain-worded document, can and will and must declare, and enforce its own decree, that not from the humblest citizen of the United States can one square foot, one square inch of his land be legally taken, against his will, without payment to the last cent of its value. Under such a Constitution the United States has lived and grown for one hundred years. Under that Constitution it must live hereafter, if it would live as a nation.

We are pleased to announce that.

clever people have successfully worked out the

MIDSUMMER PUCK PRIZE PUZZLE.

$$\begin{array}{r} 45) 500.00 \text{ (11.11\%)} \\ 45 \text{ OF } \\ \hline 50 \$11.11\% \\ 45 \\ \hline 50 \\ 45 \\ \hline 50 \\ 45 \\ \hline 5 \\ \hline \end{array}$$

or \$11.11—we will say \$11.12—is what each clever person will get.

And here is the list of names:

Augustus Kingsland, 644 Broadway, N. Y. City.	C. Will Cheney, 41 Central Wh'f, Boston, Mass.
Chas. A. W. Thompson, 11 Hanover Street, Concord, New Hampshire.	E. L. Sylvester, Washington Critic, Washington, D. C.
C. A. Farwell, 135 Gravier St., New Orleans, La.	C. B. Case, 141 State Street, Chicago, Ill.
Mr. W. Turner, Garnerville, Rockland Co., N. Y.	Lucie A. Paul, Evanston, Ill.
Wm. W. Strong, Kenosha, Wisconsin.	E. S. Lewis, 3814 Delmar Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Oscar W. Oberlander, 47 Butternut Street, Syracuse, N. Y.	Louis A. Barnitz, 1736 Ridge Ave., Phila., Pa.
George Brownsword, Garnerville, Rockland Co., N. Y.	Chas. Blackburn, P. O. Box 491, Susquehanna, Pa.
W. H. Loomis, 25 Canal Street, Grand Rapids, Mich.	Miss J. Turner, Garnerville, Rockland Co., N. Y.
Wm. Readie, The Cedars, Haverstraw, Rockland Co., N. Y.	F. E. Hobbs, Germantown, Pa.
Jameson Provan, Garnerville, Rockland Co., N. Y.	John W. Christie, Leadville, Colorado.
Harry Readie, Haverstraw, Rockland Co., N. Y.	Max Aronson, Carson City, Ormsby Co., Nev.
Herbert W. Fay, DeKalb, Ill.	Chas. O'Brien, 53 Taylor St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Mr. Penelton, 1036 Third Avenue, N. Y. City.	Lucretia D. Paschall, 145 E. 73d St., N. Y. City.
Albert E. Lipp, 691 Lafayette Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.	"Efficient," 406 Broadway, N. Y. City.
Robert L. Harper, Clinton, Mo.	C. T. Parks, 876 Broadway, N. Y. City.
J. J. Minken, 223 South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.	Augustus Mayers, 1281 Park Ave., N. Y. City.
Rudolph W. Imbrant, 42 E. 12th St., N. Y. City.	Thos. F. Smith, 24 Downing St., N. Y. City.
F. M. Faber, Care of Springfield Iron Co., Springfield, Ill.	E. Klingebiel, 149 W. 41st Street, N. Y. City.
Edward T. Hurley, 2370 Fifth Ave., Troy, N. Y.	Adrian V. S. Lambert, 2 E. 37th St., N. Y. City.
Miss E. E. Adams, 25 Meader Street, Providence, R. I.	J. A. Schurinfurth, Boston, Mass.
	Isaac Frohman, Carson City, Nevada.
	Jonathan Godfrey, 168 Park Avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.
	G. F. Beakley, Johnstown, N. Y.
	R. P. Marvin, Care of "The Brunswick," Boston, Mass.
	Wm. Winters, 126 Penn Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The names of the not-quite-so-clever people who got but 40 heads right, and are to receive PUCK's LIBRARY by way of a prize, will be printed in our issue of October 12th.

With Puck of October 5th will be given a

PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT CLEVELAND,

Drawn from Life by

MR. JOSEPH KEPPLER.

This lithograph is a reproduction of a water-color sketch, and is a companion-piece to the portrait of Mrs. Cleveland which was issued as a supplement to the X-MAS PUCK of 1886.



THE MAIDEN'S LAMENT.

I.
TO THINK that I'm nearly thirty!
And, alas! I am single yet!
For all the young men are paupers,
And old ones are all you can get!

II.
O, I s'pose I shall have to take him!
For he's rich, well-born, and all that;
But, O, he's so dreadfully stupid,
And so frightfully dumpy and fat!

III.
But, ah! I must cease this lamenting,
For I know he will be here soon;
In fact, I see the reflection
Of his bald spot there on the moon!
Roland King.

GRATEFUL.

GRATITUDE is one of the most beautiful and benignant traits of the human family, and it is never more gracious than when manifested by the young. Could anything be more touching than the following? "A kindly disposed and generous young man from Boston happened to find himself seated by the side of one of Dakota's fairest maidens at a little social gathering near Sioux City. A pretty little coral charm on his watch-chain attracted the attention and admiration of the young Dakotian, whereupon the young Bostonian said, gallantly:

"It will give me great pleasure to have you accept it as a trifling gift."

"With a grateful look and a rosy blush on her pretty face, she said, feelingly:

"D'ye mean it? And it ain't no Injun trade? You won't want it back? Well, if you ain't an old ker-sweetness of a fellow! Blamed if I don't give you a kiss!"

"And she did."

HE DID N'T MIND IT.

JONES (to ROBINSON, whose wife's mother has recently died).—I hear that you have met with a severe loss.

ROBINSON.—Oh, not so very. The whole business, including carriages, only cost a trifle over seventy dollars.



MRS. DE STANG'S device for preserving a fair degree of table etiquette, and at the same time doing no injury to her guests' respective feelings.
"Would n't it be more convenient if you were to take your napkin from your neck, and place it in your lap, Mr. Pottles?"

"IT is the last camel which crawls, gathers no moss, and threads the eye of a rich man!" This outburst is the contribution of a Frankfort Street and Park Row compositor, who read in a morning daily that Kansas City—*Kansas City*, mind you—is to have a morning paper called *The Sun*.

IT IS SAD to think that a thousand years hence many of us will be forgotten—particularly Dr. Mc-Mc-Mc—what do you call him? Oh, yes; Dr. McGlynn. The name had almost escaped us.

WE ARE reluctantly compelled to admit that Queen Victoria has reigned fifty years; but we are altogether too gallant to believe that the lady, in her personal capacity, is more than forty years of age.

THAKORE SAHIB, OF LIMBDI, wherever that may be, is traveling in this country incog. Sir Jasratsingjee is his name until further notice. He selected it because it is simple and not likely to attract attention. Jasratsingjee is Indian for Smith.

MAYOR BABCOCK, of Cleveland, has a row on with the Knights of Labor. He kicked a walking-delegate out of his office, and the district assembly insists on his using —'s porous plaster for his toe, instead of —'s holy binder. For sale by all druggists. *.*

MISS COBB, of Athens, Georgia, has achieved newspaper notoriety from the fact that she has declined thirty offers of marriage. As her estimable father is not a smoker, the uncertainty of her future is shrouded in haze.

A CONFESSION.

I AM an educated man,
Six languages I speak,
And yet I am a circus clown
At fifty dolls. per week.

I have a fried fish on my back,
My legs green ruffles grace,
And spots of yellow, red and blue
Are frescoed on my face.

Being an educated man,
I feel ten thousand woes
Cavorting for the populace
In illustrated clothes.





His Lawyers Bag

IN THE EVENING, up the street,
As you see him passing by,
You're convinced his mind's replete
With the legal science high;

That he ponders of divorce,
Or, of "boodle" cases great;
That he spends all day, of course,
Fighting counsel for the State.

See, with what firm grasp and grace
Swings he that embroidered bag,
Bearing in its soft embrace
Briefs that seem from Brobdingnag!

But, in truth, that bag so fair
Is filled out with evening news;
Four French novels nestle there,
With a pair of dancing-shoes.

SAMUEL WILLIAMS COOPER.



LETTER FROM A DEAD AUTHOR.

IF SOE BEE y^t Tyme & Deth, grim Frenes of Manne, [f^r y^t Deth removeth Hym f^rm y^e Reporter & Tyme melloweth Hys Faultes whereoff alle Menne have Surfeite],—if soe bee y^t y^e worke favor in mye own Case, I wolde breake mye longe Silence & square uppe an olde Mattere y^t makyth mee tyred & Giveth Ignatius Donnelly a grievous Payne. Howbeit y^t it ill befytteeth mee to meddle Amonge Meddlers, to take parte in a Discusion y^t but makyth olde Bylle Shakspeare wrythe w: Madnesse everie Tyme y^t I allude to it in Hys Presence, Yette y^e Dutie I owe y^e Publick infomuch as divers Menne & Womanne have Given y^m-selves much Trouble f^r to shewe y^t I bee Bylle Shakspeare, & Bylle bee nobodie at alle, & y^e bee especially trewe of y^e Womanne, yⁿ whom y^e bee no biggere Nuisance on Earth, save, perchance, Taxes. Yette some y^e bee who saye in alle Honestie y^t Womanne hath a sphere, & y^e bee even some wh: lykewyse aserte y^t Womanne's trewe Sphere bee y^e Earth, which it seemyth to Mee favours of y^e Ridiculous, f^r Womanne H^rselfe wolde bee but ill pleased w: y^e Earthe unlesse, perchance, y^t She myghte have y^e whole planetarie System alonge w: It.

But alle y^e bee but airie Persiflage. I bee notte Bylle Shakspeare! Y^t muche wolde I sweare to, & I speake w: a Certayne intimate Knowledge of y^e Factes in y^e Case whⁿ I affirm y^t fewe Personnes of mye owne Daye wolde have Temeritye to Calle mee "Shakspeare" to mye Face, f^r yt Blacke Eyes were as popular in Old Englande as in Yⁿe America. Mye name be Bacon,—it be spelled in alle simpleness, f^r it did not please mee to wryte Bacone uponne One Daie, & Baycon y^e Next, & mayhap Baiconne uponne some thyrd Occasion, & in divers Other Combinations of letters as y^e Moode myghte feize Mee, wh^{re}as y^e Personne y^t wrote Bylle's Playes did incline Curiouslie to spell Hys name no twyce alyke.

Butte y^e be digression. & I praye y^t You wille lasoo mee if y^t I wandere agayne f^rm y^e subiecte.

Trewlie it be sayde y^t Bylle did not wryte y^e Playes which beare y^t Jim-Jam name of Hys, f^r howe Colde a Manne wyth a Cork-screwe signature Lyke unto Bylle's wryte aniethynge y^t myghte be read?

Bylle hath Ever beene a Goode Fellowe, [howbeit He starved It fowre Seasonnes in Hamlett,] & onne divers occasions hath munched w: mee Ambrosial Pretzells over steynes of Nectar, yette Candor Confrayneth Mee to faye y^t he hath Endeared Hymselfe to Mee rather bye Hys Lyghte Jestes & Merrie Punns yⁿ bye Anie Congenial depthe of Character & Thoughte, f^r I mynde mee y^t uponne One Occasion af we fatte togethere a Flye did buzz aboute Bylle's Heade ande Annoyed Hym forelie, & Bylle tryed w: Hys whole strengthe to Catche y^t Flye, wh: eluded Hym w: marvelous successe, & atte lengthe Bylle turned & fayed:

"Francis," fayed Bylle: "Wh^t Playe of Myne does y^e Grievous Insect Calle to y^e Mynde?"

Wh^{me} I fayne Wolde mynde Mee of y^t Play but Colde not, Bylle fayed, w: much Vehemence: "Y^e Damn-Pest, of Course!" & yⁿ pokynge Mee in mye Rybbes w: His featherlesse wyng, [f^r He was moultyng atte y^t Time,] He laughed Until He was blacker in Hys face yⁿ anie Spyrit is wont to bee, save, Haply, Black-berrie Brandie. & y^e I thynke was fayrelie a Goode Pun f^r y^e Shade of a Manne wh: had been Deade Nigh onto two Centuries atte y^t Tyme. & y^e Same Candor of which I have spoken Compelleth mee to adde y^t Bylle is & Ever hath beene a Gent, & You will observe y^t I do not use y^e Terme as an Abbreviation, & I Speake w: Reason frasmuch af Bylle hath amonge fundrye other Habits, y^t Gent's trycke of eatynge w: Hys Knyfe.

Wherefore I faye y^t It be Follye to wryte further, f^r wh^t Gent Ever Wrote Tragedyes? Soe y^t It nowe seemyth meete f^r Mee to Sprynge y^t Gagge which hath induced y^e Es-saye, & it be w: briefnesse y^e one Facte, to Wit: Yt y^e Manne wh: inne alle probability did Bylle's wrytinge f^r Hym was He who standes bye Mee at y^e Instante and promptes Me to faye so, & Hys name be Hugh Conway.

I Colde telle you more of Bylle, butte y^t I am Due Elsewhere shortlie & a rheumatick Winge forceth Mee to flye w: caution.

Y^{rs} f^r Trewthe,

BACON.

Per W. S. CASE.



A LINE OF STUDY.

EDITOR (to YOUNG ASSISTANT).—Mr. Greathead, I want to map out a line of journalistic study for you!

YOUNG ASSISTANT (dubiously).—I am pretty well up to newspaper snuff, as it is, sir.

EDITOR.—I am aware of that, Mr. Greathead; but you know too much. I would suggest that you devote one hour each day to forgetting something.

ENGLISH STATESMEN LIVE LONGER than American statesmen, but they don't have so much fun.

"LITERARY DRIBLETS."

"WE SHALL AIM to make this a great literary as well as a great newspaper," says the editor of a new paper out West: "We shall keep ourselves informed on all the newest and best literature of the day, and our subscribers shall have the benefit of our thought and research. The whole aim and standard of our paper shall be high, never descending to the slush and dribble-drabble commonplaces of gossip of which the ordinary newspaper is made up."

From the "Literary Dribbles" and other columns of the paper we make the following extracts:

A new baby up at Tom Marshall's house. Your treat, ain't it, Tom?

W. D. Howells says that "Sal, the Shoplifter; or, Her Heart's Gore," is his best work.

No watermelons have been left on our table as yet. Who'll be the first to make glad ye editor's heart, and receive a free personal puff?

The *New York Weekly* and *Saturday Night* grow better and better. We commend them to every literary family.

Our wife has gone to spend a month with our mother and father, Mr. and Mrs. Eben E. Jones, of Jonesboro, leading and highly respected citizens of that place, our father being postmaster and having served two terms as tax-assessor and one as keeper of the city pound. Somebody better keep their eye on us while our wife is away. Ha! ha! ha!

Ned Buntline is dead. He was one of the greatest writers since Shakspeare, and has left no one to take his place, Oliver Wendell Holmes having gone out of the business pretty much.

T. B. Aldrich, W. D. Howells, C. B. Craddock, George W. Cable and Sally Jewett are said to be promising young scribblers, although none of them have yet succeeded in getting any thing into the *New York Ledger*. It takes the top of the pot, writing that *is* writing, to please old Bob Bonner.

The last number of the *Century* is a pretty fair number. It is an enterprising sort of a magazine, trying hard to make itself popular, and we wish it well. It is now publishing an account of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Cartwright and Abraham Lincoln, with pictures of all three of them. Mrs. Cartwright looks like our wife's mother. Ha, ha! We've owed our mother-in-law a grudge for a year, and now we're even. Ha, ha!

It may not be generally known that the new writer, Henry James, is a woman. The fact has just leaked out, and has created quite a stir in literary circles. His most intimate friends did not suspect it until recently.

Zenas Dane.

THE WHITE STREET burglar has n't been mentioned as a Prohibitionist; but if ever a man took his last glass, he did.



SUNDAY MORNING IN NEW ORLEANS.

MRS. PARDANELLE.—Now, Lois, dear, the red hackle can't be interesting much longer—he's been gaffed so, you know—we'll keep on to church.

turn on his back to bite; and that many a bull-dog sails to victory with his spinal column in the dust, and another dog twice his size on top of him.

THE POET WHITTIER and the poet Stedman recently spent the day together at the latter's summer home in New Hampshire. The Hoboken Turtle Club sent regrets.

CHICAGO EATS forty thousand pies a day. We are glad to say, however, that not over half of them are eaten with a knife.

A HARLEM MAN went into a trance the other day, and did not come out of it until the gas-collector went away.

THE SIMPLE FACT that it keeps a man out of jail ought to establish honesty as the best policy in unprejudiced minds.

IT IS very easy to take the measure of a dry-goods clerk.

THE WOMAN QUESTION—Can you let me have a little money this morning, dear?

THERE MAY BE more desirable things in this world than to be the only son of a successful first-class hotel-keeper; but we don't know what they are.

"WORDS, WORDS, WORDS!" as the compositor remarked when he struck "monocotyledonous" at 12:01 P. M.

CURRENT COMMENT.

WILL SOMEBODY please destroy the clingstone peach crop?

WE DON'T WANT to disparage that fruit called "American statesmanship;" but a good deal of it is picked before it's ripe.

COLOROW weighs three hundred pounds; just a good hanging weight.

MR. IVES is said to have caught his terrible disease of the memory from Jacob Sharp.

BLUE POINTS—False Tips.

DR. MC GLYNN is going to edit a new daily labor paper in New York; and while we have no great admiration for the doctor, we feel deeply sorry for him. Excommunication, or even having a tooth pulled, is nothing to it.

THE FRUIT PEDDLER never resorts to legal measures.

THE MAN who is down on his beam ends, should remember that the shark has to turn on his back to bite; and that many a bull-dog sails to victory with his spinal column in the dust, and another dog twice his size on top of him.

THE HUMAN SNAKE AGAIN.



"'Xcuse me, I'm a leetle hard o' hearin' on this side."



"That's all right, Cap. As I was saying—" etc.



ADVANCED EDUCATION.

JUST BEHOLD THESE little children, who are
playing on the floor,
As they roll about, and kick about and
boisterously roar;
As they clap their hands in great delight,
and think it splendid fun,
While constructing of a bag of bones a
human skeleton.

For, instead of Chinese puzzles, and the
building blocks of red,
They have got a human skeleton, from
ankle unto head;

And their father loves to watch them, in their knickerbocks and bibs,
As correctly to the spinal they adjust the shining ribs.

First, the bones are deftly shuffled in the bag and shaken well,
And then 'out upon the carpet they are rattled forth pell mell;
And before the father knows it, he is loudly greeted with:
"There's the rude, unplastered framework of the recent Mr. Smith!"

As the father, in perfection, sees the bones together put,
In unbounded joy he gayly hops about from foot to foot;
And the little boys about the room their happy sire pursue,
And they hang upon his coat-tails for the silver quarter due.

Then the father yields the silver, and he pets them, every one,
For displaying such a knowledge of the human skeleton;
And after he's remarked he's proud they are his kin and kith,
In the bag he hurls the framework of the recent Mr. Smith.

Now this man's a great physician, and he hopes his sons may be,
In the future, dim and misty, each a popular M. D.;
And, beginning with the skeleton, his boys each day he trains
For the business of scattering all human aches and pains. R. K. M.

CONVERSATIONS.

WHEN Shakspeare pronounced his prize-eulogy on "Man," he should not have failed to mention that, besides being infinite in faculty and god-like in apprehension, man also possesses exceptional merit as a conversationalist. Man as a conversationalist leads the verbal german. In ordinary speech he uses three hundred words. "This copiousness," says Buffon: "we may justly pride ourselves, is but rarely observed in the lower animals."

Conversation is an art. But it is an art of which, strangely enough, romancers, historians and dramatists have never grasped the full measure and dignity. Their characters converse simply to carry on a plot, to convey information, or to express ideas; but obviously it can be only when people converse with the one lofty, unshackled purpose of conversing that they exhaust the full capabilities of the verbal art.

A few examples will show this beyond a peradventure; they may also show any thinking man who reads them a couple of days' journey beyond the dark and silent tomb.

CONVERSATION I.

First, we have two men meeting on the street. They are not in a poem; they will not cabin their remarks in blank verse, nor generously finish out the feet of each other's lines. They are not in a history to tell Aristides how weary they are of hearing about Aristides, the Just, and to ask him to politely write his name on the ostracising clam-shell. They are not in a drama as First and Second Citizen, to say:

1ST CIT.—This is heavy news.

2ND CIT.—Aye! Marked you the king?

1ST CIT.—I did. (Enter procession headed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.) I marked him with a piece of red chalk and an elderly egg.



2ND CIT.—Gimme light.
No; these two gentlemen are here simply to converse. It is art for art's sake.

Nice day to-day.
Yes, 'tis so. Cleared off first-rate.
Yes, it has. Get some good weather now.
Yes, we will so. (Reflectively.) Streets little muddy yet.
Yes, but 'nother good day will dry them up.
Oh, yes! Well, it's a good deal better day than I expected. You see, I brought my umbrella.

Yes, so I see. So I perceive. Well, you may need it.
I may; there's no telling.
Generally bring mine. Did n't to-day, and still it has n't rained.
Ha, ha! Can't understand it! Ha, ha!

(Coldly.) Hum! (Brightening up with new jest of his own.) That's the way with me: leave my umbrella at home and it's sure to rain. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

(Coldly.) Hum! (Enthusiastically.) And if I take my umbrella with me, it'll be as dry as a bone for a month. Ha, ha, oh, ha-ha, ha-ha, oh, ha, ha, ha!

Hum! Well, which way you going?
(Still laughing.) Oh, ha, ha! 'Take the—oh, ha, ha—car, I believe.
Well, good-day.
Ha, ha, good day.

CONVERSATION II.

City office of HARRISON. Enter BRIGGS.
HARRISON (jumping up).—Well, I'll swear! Briggs!
BRIGGS (bursting with joy).—How are you? (They shake hands.)



HARRISON (with feeling).—Sit down.

BRIGGS.—I thought I'd drop in—

HARRISON.—I should think so! When d'you come up?

BRIGGS.—On the ten-forty.

HARRISON.—How's the wife?

BRIGGS.—First rate.

HARRISON.—Children well?

BRIGGS.—Tough as beavers.

HARRISON.—That's good. Wife come with you?

BRIGGS (cheerfully).—No; she could n't get off very well.

(They run short of ideas.)

HARRISON (taking new wind).—How's the world been using you?

BRIGGS.—First rate. How 'zit you?

HARRISON.—First rate.

BRIGGS (brightly).—That's business.

HARRISON.—You're looking ten years younger'n I last saw you; what you been doing with yourself?

BRIGGS.—Just what I was going to ask you.

(Silence.)

HARRISON (flashing up).—How's everything in Omaha?

BRIGGS (catching enthusiastically at same conversational straw).—Oh, tip-top! Flourishing!

(They flash down again.)

BRIGGS.—Well, I suppose I must be going.

HARRISON.—Oh, sit down!

BRIGGS.—I wanted to get to the bank—

HARRISON (rashly polite).—You've got two hours yet.

BRIGGS.—Well, there were some other things—

HARRISON (polite, but not rash).—If you think you must—you'll come in again?

BRIGGS.—Certainly!

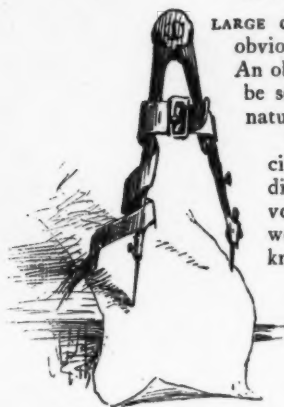
(They, with difficulty, tear themselves apart, and immediately after return to a state of sanity.)

I have essayed by these few examples to show to what heights unshackled conversation may rise, and incidentally, I have undertaken to show the student who closely follows these examples a couple of days' journey beyond the silent tombeau. We will go a little further next week.

FUNNY BUSINESS.

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CONSTRUCTION AND PRESERVATION OF JOKES.

IV.—The Obvious Joke.



LARGE CLASS of simple-minded people believe the obvious joke is the most delightful form of humor. An obvious joke is one whose point or climax can be seen from the very start, and is, in fact, a natural sequence to the beginning.

For example: When we begin to read of a city dude who professed to understand the distinctively rural art of milking a cow, and volunteered to show his friends how to do it, we know perfectly well that he is going to get knocked-out in the attempt, and that the story will end in a humorous description of the indignities inflicted upon him by the enraged animal. The only chance for variety in the sketch lies in the manner in which the cow will resent the dude's impertinence. She may impale him on one or both of her horns; she may hurl him on

a dung-hill and dance on his prostrate form; she may content herself with kicking him; but whatever she does, she will be sure to upset the milk-pail and excite the laughter of the lover of obvious humor. Of course, a professional humorist never reads an obvious joke. He knows exactly what is going to happen the moment his eye falls on the first paragraph.

If a tatterdemalion appears at the county fair with a broken-down plug which he offers to trot against any horse on the track, the professional humorist knows that the decrepit charger is going to win the race, and that his owner will go away with his pockets bulging out with the money he has won from the too-confiding.

If a man holding four aces is persistently raised by a gentleman of quiet demeanor, and bland, child-like face, we can call the latter's hand without looking at it, because we know from long familiarity with American humorous literature, as well as poker, that he holds a straight flush. Some writers have had the effrontery to deal him a royal flush, forgetting that he has already given his opponent all the aces.

If a gentleman of apparently delicate physique resents the impertinence of a bully who is forcing his attentions upon a lady, we know, without reading to the end of the chapter, that the man of effeminate build is in reality a prize-fighter or a college athlete, and will bundle the bully out on the sidewalk with great rapidity.

The professional humorist shuns these "comics" as he would the plague. They make him tired. He knows how easy they are to construct. Moreover, he despises alike the mind that gives them birth and that which finds them funny.

The recipe for their concoction is very simple.

Think of some acquaintance who habitually eats sugar on his lettuce and sweetens his claret. The man who says: "I don't want none of this Italian caterwaulin'. The good old-fashioned tunes, like 'Silver Threads Among the Gold,' suit me right down to the ground. I don't want none of yer fancy gimcracks 'n' kickshaws in mine." Try to remember the sort of thing that has moved this man to laughter, and then fashion a joke on the same plan, taking pains to make it apparent to the most primitive intellect.

Persons of this description are found in large numbers in the rural districts, and, therefore, any story tending to cast ridicule on the city man who puts on airs, or, in other words, affects the amenities of civilized life is sure to be appreciated.

For example: It is the delight of sportsmen to fish for trout with fly-rods and tackle of an elaborate description, to the intense amusement of the yokel who catches fish, not for sport, but in order that he may sell them at an exorbitant price to some igno-



STUCK AGAIN.

MRS. O'HOOIHAN.—Faix, Dennis! An' phat are yez afther doin' now?

O'HOOIHAN.—Begob, Rosy, it's meself as has bought a music-stool for Katie, an' Oi've been wounding the bastely thing up for over an hour, an' not a dhrop of music can Oi get out of it at all, at all!

rant stranger. Now, it is a very easy matter to compose a story on this basis suited to the comprehension of such a rustic.

The following is a fair specimen of a story of the class I have described:

"He was a real sportsman, just from the city, and he had come down into the country to show the benighted inhabitants how to catch fish. He had a new patent rod in his right hand and a brand-new basket over his left shoulder. In his coat-tail pocket he carried a silver flask, and in his breast-pocket a big wallet filled with all the latest devices in new-fangled flies. He walked down the road with the air of a man who had come to catch fish, and knew just how to do it.

"It was growing dark when he returned to the hotel, wet, muddy and weary, and sadly laid aside his implements of sport.

"'Fish don't bite in this blawsted country, yer know,' was his reply to the landlord's cheery inquiry: 'What luck?'

"And just at this moment who should come along but old Bill Simons's sandy-haired, freckle-faced boy Jim, with his birch-pole over his shoulder, and a fine string of the speckled beauties in his brown paw.

"'Good Gawd!' exclaimed the dude: 'how did you catch those, me boy?'

"'Hook 'n' line, yer fool! How d'yer s'pose?' was Jim's answer, as he pulled a handful of angle-worms, the last of his bait, from his pocket, and threw them out of the window."

J. L. Ford.



OVERHEARD AT THE WAGNER SOCIETY.

MRS. SIEGFRIED (not an enthusiast, to her husband who is a member).—Oh, that singing is simply distressing!

MR. SIEGFRIED.—Ah! yes, my dear; but it is Wagner, and Wagner is always sublime! Oh, for the bass-drum and anvils!

WITH CONNECTICUT ancestry and a Yale College education, a young man can make fifteen dollars a week on a New York daily. This is in response to a question.



THE CENTENARY OF OUR CONSTITUTION.

J. OTTMANN, LITH. FROM BRUNNEN & CO.

PUCK.



A FEW NEW ADVERTISING DODGES FOR THE THEATRICAL PROFESSION.

Divorce Suits, Stolen Diamonds, Injunctions and Trans-Atlantic Messenger-Boys are Old; Something Novel is Needed to Catch the Public.



AMONG THE PLAYERS.

Mr. Percy Lightweight, the popular comedian, one morning last week found on his door-steps a basket containing a beautiful female infant. He has adopted the little stranger, and the two are now inseparable.—*The Theatrical Gab.*



There is plenty of free advertising waiting for any actress who will accompany Mr. Baldwin when he takes his next drop with his parachute.



FOOTLIGHT GOSSIP.

Mr. Marlborough Flatpokkit, the well-known Thespian, was seen yesterday morning at ten o'clock ascending the front-steps of an up-town bank, with something in his hand closely resembling a check. The excitement among his friends was intense, and still continues at fever heat.—*Daily Pump.*



Why doesn't some actress, who needs advertising, refuse a bouquet on the stage, and make herself famous.



Receiving subscriptions for the Grant Statue is a popular way to advertise now; obscure histrions would do well to take advantage of it.



Several distinguished residents of Central Park occupied a box at the Hurrah Theatre yesterday afternoon by invitation of Manager Jiggs.—*Evening Glibet.*

DIVERS DIALOGUES.

FOND OF POETRY.

MISS SHAWSGARDEN (*of St. Louis*).—You have read Goethe's poems, of course, Miss Breezy?

MISS BREEZY (*with a slight cough*).—Oh, yes; I am very fond of Gothy!

HIS FUTURE CAREER.

"My dear young friend," he said solemnly: "if you are so fond of beer at your age, what do you suppose you will be when you reach your prime?"

"A politician," responded the youth.

A CLEVER SCHEME.

"James," said the grocer to his clerk: "a new family has moved into the vacant flat across the way, and I want their trade."

"Yes, sir."

"So if they ask if that maple sugar is this year's, tell 'em 'No.'"

AN APOLOGY.

HOTEL CLERK (*to GUEST*).—Your bill is one-dollar-and-a-half, sir. And how did you find trade in town?

GUEST.—Trade? I'm no drummer. I'm a gentleman, and am traveling for pleasure.

HOTEL CLERK (*contritely*).—I beg your pardon, sir. Two dollars, please.

DROWSY GOD WOOLERS.

COUNSEL (*impressively*).—Now, madam, will you please explain what could have caused you to sleep so soundly that, as you allege, you did not hear the noise in the adjoining room?

WITNESS.—A hard day's wurruk, sorr, and a clear conscience.

COULD N'T GIVE THE COUNTERSIGN.

"John," she said through the key-hole of the front-door: "is that you?"

"Yesh, m' dear," replied John.

"Well, 'truly rural' is the countersign to-night."

"Tooly looral."

So John slept in a hotel that night.

SECURING A JOB.

PROPRIETOR OF DIME MUSEUM (*to APPLICANT*).—What's your specialty, lady?

APPLICANT.—I'm the young lady what has been teachin' school five days in the week for ten dollars a week, helpin' mother do the work, takin' care o' three horses an' two cows, paintin' an' paperin' the house, mendin' clothes for father an' the boys, an' darnin' socks for the hull family. How much will ye pay me?

PROPRIETOR.—Same as I pay all the rest of the freaks, lady. A thousand dollars a week!

THE BEAUTIES OF POVERTY.



NO MATTER how much we may desire wealth, we should always congratulate ourselves on the fact that we are poor. Indeed, there is no greater blessing than poverty, when you know how to reconcile yourself to it.

If you care to take the trouble to make the investigation, you will learn to your satisfaction that ninety-nine per cent. of the happy people in the world are poor. No poor man is unhappy until he grows rich; and to prove this it is only necessary to hear the wealthy man alluding pathetically to the dear old days when he only got four dollars per week, and found himself.*

The painter, who has no difficulty in selling every thing he paints at the top price, will go into raptures while telling you of the jollity of his struggling days, when he painted portraits on political banners, made his morning coffee over a tallow candle, and hungrily devoured the bread he had used through the previous day to lighten his charcoal sketches. If the artist had been rich then, he would be an amateur to-day. Nothing but poverty makes an artist or a poet; and this being the case, it bothers thinking people to understand why we are not even richer than we are to-day in pictures and metrical literature.

The rich man creates envy in the heart of his poorer neighbor when he goes to Rome in the spring. But his wealth only enables him to get there to die of Roman fever. The poorer man stays in this country and lives on Roman punch. Consequently, it is better to live on Roman punch than to die of Roman fever. The rich young lady mounts the prancing palfrey, is thrown and breaks her neck; the poor young lady gets into a breezy dollar hammock, and, with a dainty pair of French slippers, makes the casual passer believe that, after all, life is worth living. The rich man goes to the sea-shore and is drowned; the poor man stays at home and gets fever-and-ague.

The capitalist lies awake and kicks about all night, wondering how much he won't be worth in the morning; the impoverished hod-carrier sleeps the sleep of the innocent, and would n't awake in time to resume his hod at the appointed hour if he were not struck with a hammer.

It is pleasant to see a rich man deriving comfort from a poor man's plaster; and it is pleasant to see a poor man skipping around like a spring-lamb, yearning for a little Philadelphia mint sauce, while the rich man, with number four feet, is wearing a pair of number fifteen slippers on account of his gout.

Some people are of the opinion that the goods of this world are not properly divided. This is a fallacious theory. It is the poverty of this world that is not properly divided. For instance, we ourselves have more than we want or are entitled to, that we would like to close out on easy terms.

Some people have a great deal more poverty than others; and that's where the trouble comes in. No man can get rich without working, and very few men can remain rich unless they stop working in time. There are many men swamped by remaining in business. "Only the wealthy enjoy this life" is very pretty as far as euphony is concerned; but it is not true; because, just as soon as a man acquires wealth, he becomes afflicted with new-mown hay fever or a tubercle cold.

When you see a man with hay fever or a rose cold, you may wager all you can lay your hands on that he is rich. If a poor man could acquire either of these maladies, it would not be necessary for him to dress well, or be at all fastidious. Say what you will, poverty is a great blessing; if it were not, it would not be the common lot of man.

And, as poverty brings health and strength with it, we give it as our humble but honest opinion that, in a short time, Cyrus W. Field ought to be able to make a creditable showing against the great and only John L.

R. K. M.

* Continually in debt.



A St. Nicholas POET WRITES:

"Here's a lyric for September,
Best of all months to remember."

The poet, no doubt, means well; but no man will agree with him, that September is the best month, when he remembers how he used to detest that time when vacation melted away like a beautiful dream and the old iron bell summoned him back to the dreary school-house, and the teacher, with an arm like Sullivan and an osage orange wand that could take hold of your bones like rheumatism every time.

THERE ARE four "g's" in eggnogg, beside a lot of other ingredients.

"THE CIMAX LECTULARIUS," observed a young gentleman from Boston: "is destitute of pinions, yet it has been noticed that he arrives at his destined goal notwithstanding that lamentable deficiency."

WORK IS APPARENTLY dragging again on the new aqueduct. It is nearly ten days since a workman has been killed in any of the shafts.

A BALD-HEADED BOOK-KEEPER should never try to wipe his pen on his hair.

A COUNTRY HOME is the apple of thine eye, is it, Alcestis? Then thou hadst better hie thee to Spitzenbergen, N. J., Alcestis, where thou mayst also find the apple-jack of thine eye.

THE CURLEW is a bird that is sometimes called the Sickie Bill. This will be news to the man whose only idea of a sickie bill is the monthly statement of the man who hacks his grass to pieces.

SURE TO COME OFF SHORTLY—Straw-hats.

THE SCOTCHMEN probably would nautically called their yacht the *Thistle*, if she had been only a single-sticker. [This joke is intended exclusively for yachtsmen, and it is accompanied by a supplement giving a chart of sea-sickness on the North Atlantic, an instantaneous photographic view of the American Navy as it ought to be, and a dictionary of nautical terms with sailors' familiar exclamations in forty-seven lithographic colors, together with diagrams of the *Thistle's* keel, showing conclusively that she has concealed under her four balloons and a pneumatic pump to create air-bubble cushions. No copy of the joke complete without the supplement, and every purchaser should insist upon being supplied with both by his news-dealer.]

UP FROM THE rustling corn-field
The crow flies toward the sun,
For he smells the black gunpowder,
And the screened small boy with a gun.

IN A CERTAIN TOWN, not a thousand miles from Cohoes, N. Y., lives a clergyman, Mr. —, who has an extremely interesting little daughter four years of age.

Walking in the garden one day with her mother, she spied a particularly large and ripe red raspberry, which had been overlooked by the visitors during the last donation party. Reaching out her hand toward the fruit, she said, with a merry light in her beautiful eyes:

"Will God punish me if I pick this berry, mama, without asking papa's consent?"

"Yes, my child," replied her mother: "you must remember that he sees every action, and that the berry is not yours."

"Let her go, Gallagher," and put down one berry to my purgatory balance," exclaimed the artless child: "I can't stand the presh."

The truth of this story can be vouched for by respectable citizens.

—Harper's Drawer's Distillation of 1887.



THE EXCURSION-BOAT HOG.

He gets there early, gobbles up all the camp-chairs—



—and hangs on to them for the whole trip, as he "expects some belated friends will be along pretty soon, and need them."



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT ALL COM-
parable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvelous prop-
erties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in cur-
ing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the
skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an ex-
quisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA
RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure
for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure and the only infallible
skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; RESOLVENT, \$1;
SOAP, 25c. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND MEDICAL CO.,
Boston, Mass.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTI-
CURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Advantages of Heating with a HOT WATER APPARATUS.

[Continued from Page 29, PUCK, No. 548.]

EIGHTH.—It is under all conditions and at all times perfectly
noiseless in operation, there being no snapping or pounding in the
pipes, so common with steam. (To be continued.)

Send for Descriptive Catalogue and Circular to the
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A Hilarious Hit. Every thing Encored. Minstrelsy as it should be.
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Manufacturing Furrier,
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Will retail fashionable Furs and
Seal-skin Garments this season.
This will afford a splendid opportu-
nity for ladies to purchase reliable
furs direct from the Manufacturer at
lowest possible prices. Fashion
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NEWARK, N. J. Gives the BEST, SHORTEST,
CHEAPEST and most THOROUGH course of BUSINESS
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H. J. Reynolds, New Haven, Conn.
Geo. W. Walker, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Want to sell that
mule?" asked a quiet-
looking man on the side-
walk.

"Yes; but I'll be
honest with you, mister.
I don't think you'll
want him; he's an aw-
ful kicker."

"Is he a full-jeweled,
thorough-going, first-
class kicker?"

"You bet."

"Well, name your
figure; I'll take him."

"Great Scott, mister!
What do you want of
him?"

"Company. I'm a
base-ball umpire, and I
don't want to feel lone-
some this winter."—
Washington Critic.

DEADLY weapons are
prohibited in Texas.
This winds up base-ball
in the Lone Star State.
—*Newman Independent.*

YOUNG BLOBSON has
named his canoe "Wil-
liam Henry Harrison"
—because it's a tippy-
canoe. — *Burlington*
Free Press.

WE TAKE pleasure in calling
the attention of our readers to
the advertisement of The J. B.
Williams Co.'s Shaving Soaps.
This firm has, for fifty years,
made a specialty of the manu-
facture of Fine Shaving Soaps,
and their goods are not only the
recognized Standard for excel-
lence throughout the United
States and British Provinces, but
very largely abroad. Williams'
"Genuine Yankee" Shaving
Soap has been too long and fa-
vorably known, to need com-
mendation from us. "Williams'
Travelers' Favorite Shaving
Stick" we can unhesitatingly
pronounce the most convenient,
elegant and delightful article of
the kind we have ever seen. It
is simply perfection. We have
tried it.

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ST. THOMAS, **DOUBLE DISTILLED**
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a Specialty for Children.

The best for the Complexion. . . "A balm for the Skin."
The most economical; it wears to thinness of a wafer.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike Artificial Systems—Cure of Mind Wandering. Any book
learned in one reading. Great inducements to correspondence classes.
Prospectus, with opinions in full of MR. PROCTOR, the Astronomer, HON. W.
W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, DR. MINOR, WOOD, REV. FRANCIS B. DENIO,
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PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Avenue, N. Y.

WITH PUCK NO. 552, ISSUE OF
OCTOBER 5TH,

will be given as a GRATIS SUPPLEMENT and companion-piece to Mr. Joseph
Keppler's celebrated portrait of

MRS. FRANCES FOLSOM CLEVELAND,

a Water-Color Portrait, also drawn from life by Mr. Joseph Keppler, of

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND.

As the demand for this issue of PUCK will doubtlessly be very great, our friends
would do well to order PUCK No. 552, and additional copies of the same, of their
Newsdealers NOW. From the publication-office, PUCK No. 552 (with Supplement)
will be sent to any address in the United States, Canada and Mexico for 10 cents.
To other foreign countries besides the latter two, for 12 cents.

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Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

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An excellent strengthening tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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31 BROADWAY, N. Y.

A CARD.

The undersigned begs to inform the public that he will open September 1st with a COMPLETE NEW STOCK of Foreign and Domestic Woolens of every description.

Suits to order from - - - - - \$20.00.
Trousers " " " " " 5 00.
Fall and Winter Overcoats to order from 18.00.

Nicoll
The Tailor.

145 & 147 Bowery,
and

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EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street.
Muncz Lajos and Prince
Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.

PROSPECT BREWERY,
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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The highly Celebrated

BUDWEIS LAGER BEER

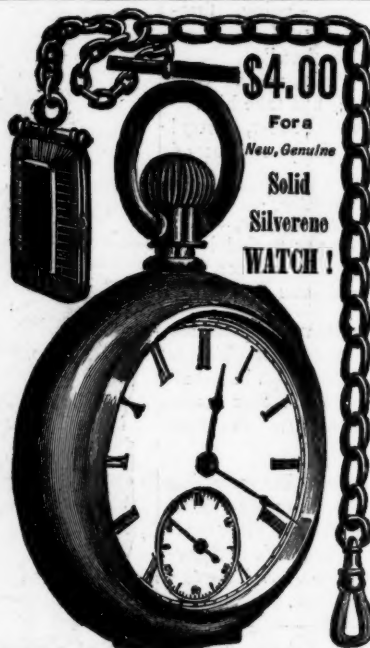
from this Brewery is particularly adapted to Export in Barrels as well as in Bottles. Its keeping qualities are unsurpassed. We also recommend our

HERCULES MALT WINE

as the purest, most wholesome, and cheapest Extract of Malt in existence.

THE *Epoch* says that the New York *Sun* has had a great influence on newspaper style. This is our opinion, also. Only the other day the *Sun* had an article headed "Raising Up the Flag;" as if a flag could ever be raised down.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

All persons afflicted with Dyspepsia, Diarrhoea, Colic, and all kinds of indigestions will find immediate relief and sure cure by using **Angostura Bitters**. The only genuine is manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siebert & Sons.



To introduce our Solid Gold and Silver Watches, Jewelry, etc., and to show new customers that we are the Cheapest House in the West, we make this special offer for 90 days only. Our Silver Watch comes in 3 oz., open face, finely finished, smooth cases, which look and wear like solid silver with an extra jeweled expansion balance lever imitation Elgin movement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

NOTICE:—That all may see and examine this watch before paying for same, we will send it C. O. D., subject to full examination if 10 cents is sent in advance as a guarantee of good faith, \$3.50 to be paid at express office, or if \$4.00 full amount is sent with order we will **GIVE FREE** a Fine, Gold Plate Chain and Charm.

W. HILL & CO., Wholesale Jewelers,
Mammoth Catalogue Free.
The above watch is thoroughly reliable, and we recommend this watch to our readers.

NOW READY:

TITLE PAGE AND INDEX VOLUME XXI.

SENT TO ANY ADDRESS FREE OF CHARGE!

CHAMPION OF TWO CONTINENTS.

An Interesting Comparison of
THE WORLD'S GREAT BREWERIES.

Decidedly the greatest beer producing countries in the world are Germany and Austria. The manufacture of the national beverage and its consumption is a matter of investigation and comment for every traveler that has visited and written of those States. Many have gone behind the commercial feature of the industry, and have found in the production, fostered and protected as it is by the Government, a solution of the stability of the people. The people themselves, instead of fretting under the ordinary cares of life that carry more volatile neighbors into insurrection, absorb a philosophical quiet with the nectar of Gambrinus that saves them from the consequences of rashness. Small wonder that they cherish their colossal Brauerein and that the Government fosters them.

The last annual official statistical showing of the product in Germany and Austria has just been received here.

According to this report, the output of the six leading breweries of Germany and Austria, in 1886, was the following:

	BARRELS.
1. Spaten Brewery, Munich, (Gab. Sedlmayer, Prop.)	363,017
2. Anton Dreher, Vienna	348,603
3. Löwen Brewery, Munich	252,750
4. St. Marx, Vienna	299,480
5. G. Pschorr, Munich	235,950
6. Liesing Actien Brewery, Vienna	170,764

Total, 1,670,564.

There are innumerable small establishments, but these six larger ones serve to give some idea of the magnitude

of the industry in those countries. In the manufacture of the quantity of beer shown in the product of these six breweries, over one hundred and forty millions of pounds of malt were used.

To those of our own community who are not tinged with prohibitory theories there will be some satisfaction in learning that St. Louis, Mo., has not only the largest brewery in this country, but the largest in the world.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association, in the period covered by the official report from which the above is taken, manufactured and sold 13,120,000 gallons of beer, equaling

410,000 Barrels,

an excess of more than 10 per cent. above the production of the Spaten Brewery of Munich, the largest European brewery. Experts in the manufacture of beer are not slow to say that the quality, also, of the Anheuser-Busch beer excels that of its European rival in about the same ratio. This opinion is not only that of American judges, but in every European exposition in which the beer of the Anheuser-Busch Brewing Association has come into competition with that of all the above-named breweries, it has been awarded the first premium. In every European capital medals have been given to them showing that they surpassed all other exhibitors in the quality of the beer manufactured. These awards have not been merely occasional, but record a succession of triumphs.

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GOOD MINISTER.—It is rather odd that the collections are exactly one dollar less than they used to be.

MINISTER'S WIFE.—Nothing odd about it.

"We have not lost any of our congregation."

"No; but I suppose that you remember that Mr. Pious never used to give less than a dollar."

"Of course."

"Well, Mr. Pious has been elected a deacon and he passes the plate now."—*Omaha World.*

He was being examined as to his sanity before a jury, and a great deal of evidence had been introduced without proving that his mind was out of repair. Finally his sister was called upon for her testimony and was asked: "Do you believe your brother to be insane?"

"Yes; I know he is insane."

"What proof do you offer?"

"Best in the world."

"Let us hear it."

"Why, just yesterday I heard him tell his wife that she must really get a couple of new dresses and bonnets and not to think of the expense."

An application for his admittance to the asylum was made out at once. — *Nebraska State Journal.*

"WAITER, have you got any chicken salad?"

"Sorry, sir; but we were disappointed in the arrival of our veal this morning; but we had some mud-turtle come in, and I can give you some nice terrapin stew."—*Boston Courier.*

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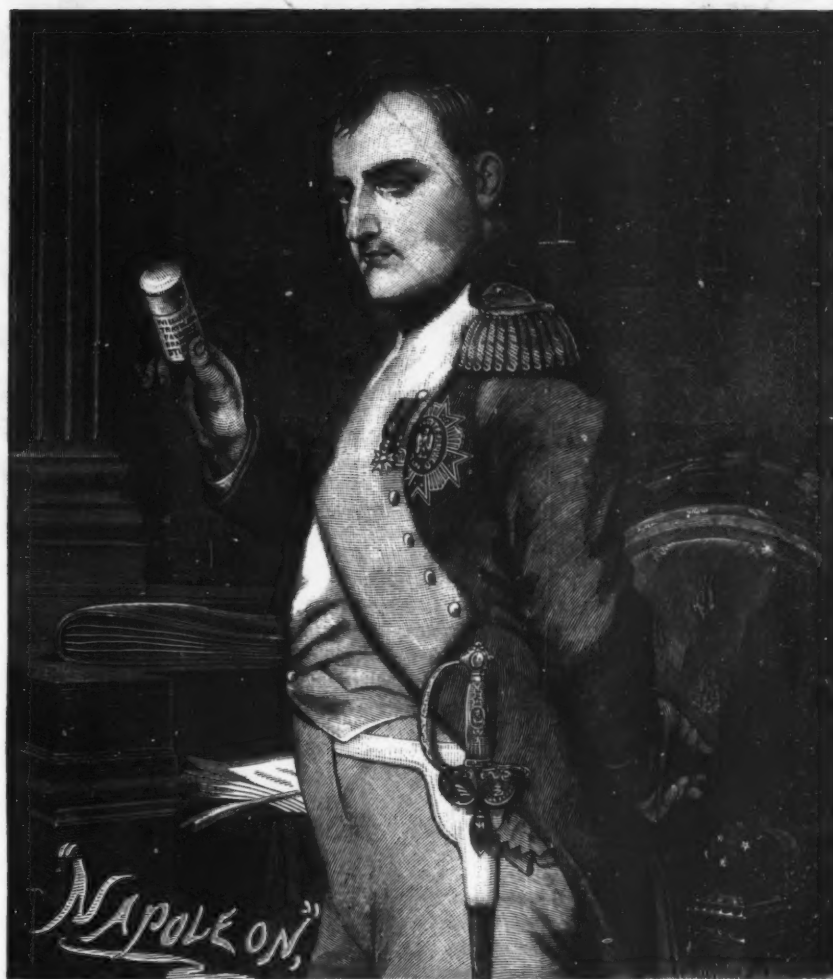
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TALLEYRAND the French Statesman, and friend of the great Napoleon, being asked if Napoleon shaved himself replied: "Oh, yes! They who are born to Kingdoms have some one to shave them, BUT THEY WHO ACQUIRE KINGDOMS, SHAVE THEMSELVES."

PETER THE GREAT, with his determined passion for reform, proclaimed a tax upon beards, and finally decreed that any subject who continued to wear one should have it removed with pincers, or be shaven with a blunt razor. Thus the resolute Monarch succeeded in smoothing the face of nearly every subject in his Kingdom, and the practice of shaving became almost universal in Europe.

Gentlemen who Shave Themselves will derive Ease, Comfort and Pleasure from the use of

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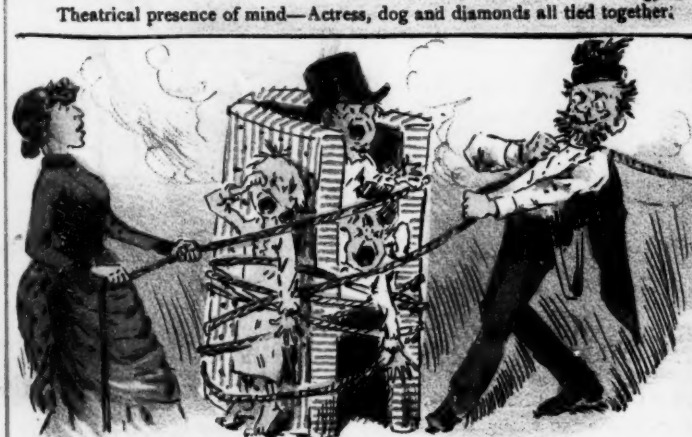
LADY HOTEL GUEST.—Slide down a rope in my night-dress, with every body looking at me? Never! I'll be cremated first!



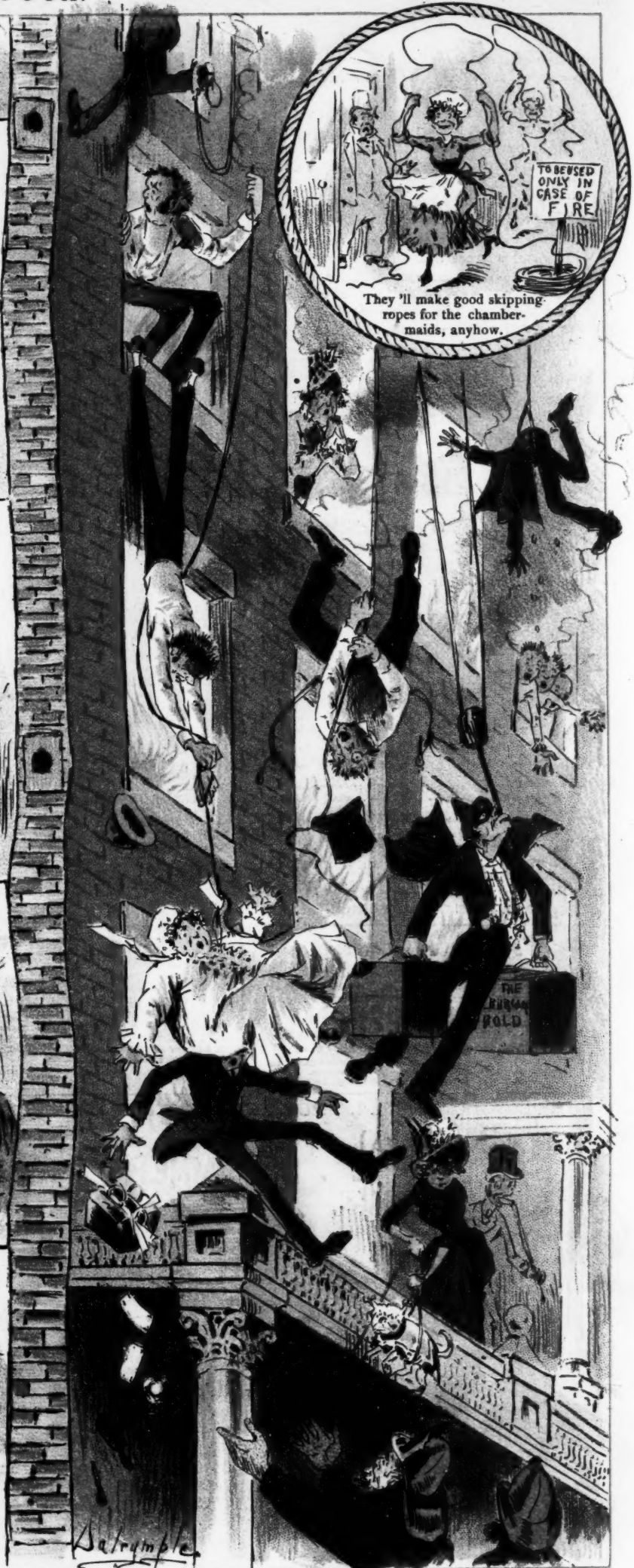
HUSBAND.— You go first, Belinda, and see how she works!



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FATHER.— Are you sure the children are all there, Maria?



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